

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME X. No. 5

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NOVEMBER 2, 1919

The Dancing Leaves.

BY H. G. DURYÉE.

IN dresses red
They'd gone to bed;
In dresses brown
They'd snuggled down;
In dresses gold—
So I've been told—
They'd cuddled round a maple old.

Then gay and fleet,
On twinkling feet,
A breeze came by
From out the sky,
And called, "Whee— ee!
Come dance with me
Around and round your maple tree."

He whirled aloft
And whistled soft,
A tune so sweet
For little feet
That drowsy heads
On grassy beds
Peeped out in gold, and browns, and reds.

And forth they slipped
And swayed and dipped,
Like ladies gay
In bright array
Who tip-toe out
And turn about
In dainty dance and merry rout.

Till Breeze so fleet,
With whistle sweet,
Grew tired of play
And stole away.
Then drowsy heads,
Gold, browns, and reds,
Sank back to sleep on grassy beds.

Sweet Water Spring.

BY MARIAN WILLARD.

"SHOO! SCAT!" shouted Stanley Winowski to the prowling gray cat who wanted a baby oriole for breakfast. All day Stanley sat under the great elm and watched the birds and the great clouds, and all the outdoor life of the summer days. But hills and cloud shadows are not lively companions for a little lad who is getting well after a severe accident. Last summer he had helped his father and brothers in the hay field, and he would help again, but this year he was carried by big Carl every pleasant morning to sit in the old armchair under the elm until the same strong arms carried him back at night.

Mother was too hurried and busy all day to spend time talking to the child. She had too much to do getting food ready for the hungry men when they came in from the hay fields.

The old house stood facing the south, built years ago when the first pioneers

settled the Connecticut Valley. The old well stood in the yard, with its spring of delicious water, where every day mother drew up the dripping bucket, using the old well-sweep which remained.

Day after day Stanley sat in his chair, drooping from loneliness into a little white shadow of a lad with big brown eyes. Across a stretch of level fields a quarter of a mile away, the automobiles rushed along. How Stanley longed to see them take the road by his door which joined the highway a mile below the house! But the old road by the door was poor, so that seldom did the rushing, shining cars come near.

"Carl," he said one day to his brother, "I do wish the cars would come here. Then," he said, "the days would not be so long."

Carl thought of that as he pitched the hay, fed the cows and milked them, and

swung his strong arms to cut the wood for the fire.

"Poor chap," he thought, "it must be tough to sit all day long with nothing to do." So as Carl scowled and thought, an idea came to him. That night Stanley saw him go away in the long twilight, with his shovel over his shoulder. No one seemed to know what he was going to do, nor where he went.

One day in July a wonderful thing happened. As Stanley sat under the big elm, he heard a rumble and a roar, and a large gray car rolled into view. In the burning sunlight the clouds of dust rolled away from under its wheels. The car seemed to be slowing down, and finally stopped, right at Stanley's very door. Then he could see that it was driven by a young lady, who was getting out of the car, followed by a large collie dog that kept close at the side of his mistress.



By S. J. Spooner.

NOVEMBER

She looked at the little figure in the big chair, and smiled.

"Go and shake hands, Ben," she ordered, and the fine creature walked up to Stanley, and gravely held up his paw to be shaken. Stanley grinned with delight as he held the yellow paw in his own little thin hand.

"He can do more than that," said the Pretty Lady, who by this time was close to the chair. So big Ben begged and rolled over and played "dead dog," and jumped and barked, to Stanley's great delight.

"Now he would like some water, and so would I," said the Pretty Lady. "There is a sign above the farm which says 'Sweet Water Spring,' and we would like to try it."

Mrs. Winowski had heard voices, and came to the door of the farmhouse, to see what was going on. "I'd like some water," the Pretty Lady said to her, smiling. Mrs. Winowski knew very little English, but she understood the word "water," and hurried to the well. With the old-fashioned well-sweep she drew up the dripping bucket, and offered the young lady a drink. The young lady took from her pocket a folding drinking-cup and filled it, splashing the water on the hollowed stones near the well for the dog to lap eagerly with his hot, red tongue.

"Thank the lady, Ben," she said, and Ben gave a joyous bark of thanks.

Then the Pretty Lady took out her purse, and offered money to Stanley's mother, who smilingly refused, dropping an Old-World bobbing curtsy as she shook her head. Then the Pretty Lady went to the car and found a magazine with a lot of pictures in it of our soldiers and sailors, which she offered Stanley with a smile. Stanley could not read the words, but he enjoyed looking at the photographs of the army camps and the men in them. Then the Pretty Lady spoke to her dog, who leaped to his seat in the car, beside his mistress. She sprang to her place at the wheel, and with a rumble the great gray car slowly moved away down the road.

When Carl came home Stanley showed him the pictures and asked him a question that had been puzzling him.

"Who put up the sign at the corner of the road?"

Then Carl explained how he had placed the sign to attract strangers to take the road by their house. He told him how he and his father, after their work in the fields was over, had mended and smoothed the old road until the way was cleared of grass, and the holes all filled, that the automobiles might pass to amuse a little invalid boy.

That was the beginning of wonderful days for Stanley. He sat in his little chair and watched for the cars to come in sight down the valley. Then he would guess which car would pass his door, and which would take the lower road.

One day a car stopped, and nothing would make it go. Right in front of Stanley's chair the men began to mend it. Stanley watched with much interest as they took off the great hood and he could see the inside of the monster. A little girl who was in the party wandered up to his chair and shyly talked to him. He himself was too shy to say much to her, but how he enjoyed seeing her!

"I love to ride, even if it does stop sometimes, don't you?" she said.

Stanley admitted that he could not say, as he never had been in a car in his life. The little maid opened her eyes wide at this astonishing statement. Soon she went back to her father, who had by this time mended the damaged engine. He came striding up to Stanley.

"Think you could stand a little ride, my boy?" he asked kindly.

So the little fellow was lifted gently into the car, and driven slowly away down the valley and home again. It was the first time for many months that he had been outside his own yard. He was almost speechless with excitement at his adventure.

So the summer passed happily for the boy, and one day in October, when the sun shone warm and bright, Stanley, leaning on Carl's arm, walked down to see the sign that had brought him so much happiness.

There it was, a roughly painted board, and there were the mended places in the old road where the hollows used to be.

He looked at it silently, and then with a flash of the truth said to Carl,

"I don't think I'd have ever got well if you hadn't painted that sign for me."

So Carl was thanked for all the weary hours he had spent in making the summer more pleasant for his little brother.



The GOVERNOR and the HUM-BIRD

By Mabel S. Merrill

Chapter Three.



GRANDFATHER KENWAY had the horses harnessed into the empty hayrack and his eyes twinkled as he said:

"You needn't bother to say good-bye, young folks, for I've made a trade to take home two Silvers as well as the three Kenways I fetched over."

It was a happy load of youngsters that went jogging out of the capital city behind the slow old horses. Paul and Cherry had expected to stay all summer in those hot rooms over the store with Aunt Mary so busy at her dressmaking that picked-up dinners were all you could expect. Worse yet, there was little they could do. Mr. Silver's summer trade in the small store was so light that he hardly ever needed any help from Paul, and Cherry could only wash a few dishes and weed the garden, which had already been weeded over and over. Besides, Paul had had a long illness in the spring, and even sturdy Cherry was getting pale from staying so much in those hot little rooms.

"We can work like horses at the farm," declared Paul. "Must be a lot there we can do, and we shall get over being green if we keep at it. I'll bet I can pitch hay like smoke if somebody'll show me which is the right end of the pitchfork."

"I'm still hoping I can sell the hay standing, and then you young ones can put in your time in the cornfield," observed Gramp. "You see, you're hardly big enough for a haying crew, but the littlest of you can yank a ragweed out by the roots."

My Evening Star.

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

MY Evening Star is big and bright.
It shines into my room each night
When I have gone to bed, you know,
Much earlier than I wished to go.

I lie and look out, very far,
To see my splendid Evening Star.
I lie and wonder, don't you see,
If my Star feels a bit like me.

For Papa says it has to go
Early to bed itself, and so
One never sees it in the night
When other stars are shining bright.

I wonder if it ever dreams
Delightfully, of how it seems
To sit up late—oh, *very* late,
Till it's a long time after eight!

But Papa says, if I would grow
Big, bright, and strong, that I must go
Early to bed on every night,
Like Evening Star, so big and bright.

What strength there is in gentleness,
What force in truth, what magic in religion!

THEODORE PARKER.

"I'll yank like a good one," promised Paul, "and so will Cherry, soon as she learns which are ragweeds and which are corn and beans." He winked solemnly at Dex as Cherry turned her back on him.

Grandma Kenway only laughed when Gramp brought in five young ones instead of three. She had supper on the table, and if there had been three times three nobody would have had to go away hungry. There were stacks of gingerbread, heaping plates of warm biscuit, baked potatoes, home-cured bacon, and deep dishes of the "ever-bearing" strawberries which were still thick in the big bed on the south slope of the garden.

They were tired enough to go to bed early, but Dex and Paul, who had taken possession of the big garret at the top of the house, talked so much after they were supposed to be in bed that Cherry and Elva in the room below declared they wouldn't be able to sleep a wink. They did, however, and next morning they were all up bright and early, ready, as Paul explained, to pitch into any job in sight.

Grandpa was still worried about the hay in that big field, for he had not been able to find anybody who would buy it. But the crops were getting smothered in weeds, and his young crew would really be more use there than they would in the hayfield. So he went out with them to where the acre and a half of corn was doing its best to grow, with ragweeds and witchgrass trying to crowd it out of the hills. Cherry went down on her knees in the dirt and carefully dug her fingers in

under the roots of a big weed that grew close to a stalk of corn. She "yanked" the intruder out skillfully and threw it at Paul, who was standing on the grass at the edge of the cornpiece. Then she pulled the grass roots out of the hill and patted the soft earth into place around the roots of the corn.

"Fingers were made before hoes," exclaimed Gramp, admiringly. "Here's one girl that won't have to take lessons in weeding."

Cherry laughed as she went away on her knees to the next hill of corn. "Paul was only making fun yesterday, same as he always is," she explained. "We've got a little bit of a garden at home out behind the stable, and of course everybody knows about gardening these days, anyhow."

Dex and Paul could not help thinking longingly of the trout brook as they followed with their hoes down the long piece, where the girls went ahead doing what Cherry called the finger-work. Spiff had a basket into which he packed the weeds they pulled and carried them off to a growing heap at the end of the field, where they would be burned when they were dry enough. They worked steadily until noon, then they straightened their tired backs and looked proudly at eight long clean rows that were in perfect order without a weed to be seen.

"That corn has got a chance to breathe now; it'll go ahead like a house afire," declared Gramp, as he looked at what they had done. "But you mustn't do any more this first day. You clear out this afternoon and play somewhere."

They trooped off to the big pasture as soon as they had eaten the noon dinner. The girls carried tin pails, for Grandma had whispered to them that she would like to make an "acre or so" of blueberry cake for supper if she could get the berries. The boys had a pail, too, a big deep one, but they would not say what it was for. Dex carried a dip-net and some pieces of strong netting rolled up together.

"We'd better not say we're fishing for the State Museum till we see what's going to come of it," Dex had suggested to Paul.

The two fishermen went up the brook to a kind of ravine Dex had discovered a few days before. Here there were pools where the speckled beauties were almost sure to be hiding, though one who did not understand their ways might have gone along that shady stream a dozen times and seen nothing stirring in the brown water. But the boys knew, and after a while, Dex, treading like an Indian along the bank, silently pointed to a couple of handsome trout lying motionless in the shadow of a rock.

"Now if we put the netting across the brook above and below so it'll stop 'em whichever way they rush, I don't see how we can help getting them," whispered Dex.

"Won't they swim against the netting and hurt themselves if they get scared?" asked Paul, when they had put the barriers across the brook above and below the rock where the fish were hiding.

"Not if you stir 'em up easy. Look, we must set the pail full of water right handy on the bank so we can pop them in before they lose their breath."

When all was ready, Dex waded carefully to the middle of the brook above the rock and waited, standing like a statue, with the dip net in his hand. Paul gently moved his hand in the water to start the fish out from under the rock, and Dex let them swim past him up the stream. When they were stopped by the netting they turned and came cautiously back, and then in a moment he had dipped them up and was slipping them into the pail of water on the bank. Paul was on hand to tie a piece of the netting firmly over the top of the pail to keep the fish from jumping out, for though not very large they were lively enough to suit the curator's ideas. When the prize was secure the boys sat down beside the pail and looked at each other with shining eyes.

"Say, I feel pretty good," breathed Paul. "But how'll we get 'em over to the museum? They ought to be delivered right away because we don't understand taking care of them as Mr. Curator does."

"We'll ask Gramp," said Dex, and then they took the pail carefully and made their way out to the path where the girls were coming along with berries enough for that "acre or so" of cake.

Gramp had spent the whole day hunting the near-by towns over for some one to buy the hay, but he had found nobody. Next morning he declared that he felt obliged to strike right in mowing, for the grass would spoil if it stood there much longer.

"That means I'll have to use both of the horses all day," he said. "So I guess

you'll have to take care of your fish yourselves for quite a spell, anyway."

But this did not suit the young people, and they put their heads together and talked it over with Grandma.

"I don't know as it will hurt you to walk six miles," she said, "if you start early and take plenty of time. Likely as not you could get rides, coming or going. I'll put you up a good basket of luncheon."

It seemed an impossible task to carry that big pail with the fish in it for six miles, and as Spiff was wild to go with them they thought of a way. They took the small hand-cart, which was quite roomy for one of its kind, and tied the pail with the fish in it firmly into the front end. Behind it there was room for Spiff to sit, and behind him they wedged in the luncheon basket. The two boys served as a span to draw the cart a certain distance and then the span of girls took their turn. It was cool at first out on the long road, but as the sun went higher and the dew dried they began to feel like travelers in a desert.

"Whew, this is more of a job than I thought!" groaned Dex, after a long pull up a hill; and Paul added as he wiped his face: "Better look and see if the water is boiling in that pail. We don't want to present the State Museum with any cooked fish."

They drew up in the shade of a tree and rested while they ate a few sandwiches. Elva gave Spiff her cherished pink parasol to hold over the fish so that there would be no danger of their getting cooked, and they toiled on again. In this way they came at last—with empty luncheon basket—into the capital city and were met at the State House by an astonished curator, who looked as if he could hardly believe his eyes.

"Never thought you fellows were planning any such game as this," he exclaimed. "But these trout are beauties."

He had already slipped them deftly into the big tank where the lonesome fish so long in possession must have been surprised to see them, though he didn't show it.

"My, who'd think just common fish out of our pasture brook would be so lovely to look at!" cried Elva, as she gazed up at them. "And won't it be fun," added Cherry, "to find two old friends swimming about in this tank whenever we come here."

They stopped for a short rest and a look around, then they started upstairs, for they had already begun to think of that long tramp home. At the top of the first flight they stepped aside to make room for a man who seemed to be on his way down to the museum. Spiff looked up at the tall figure and then he flung himself headlong upon him.

"Hello!" he shouted. "Say, I saw the hum-bird's nest you told me about, and there's one like it in Gramp's pasture."

(To be continued.)



Drawing by Alison Kingsbury.

The Peacock.

BY MARGARET ASHMUN.

THE peacock on my uncle's lawn
Is such a friend of mine!
He comes up close and lets me see
How bright his feathers shine.

He loves the crumbs I save for him,
And gobbles all I bring;
And then he makes a dreadful noise,
As if he tried to sing.

And when I say, "Oh, peacock dear,
You're handsome as can be!"
He lifts his foot, and curves his neck,
And spreads his tail for me.

A freshman in a New York university who was asked to write a theme on his first impressions of the city began with this:

"The most amazing sight I ever saw was the skyscrapers of New York crossing the Hudson River on a ferryboat."

The Sunday School Advocate.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

8 WILLARD STREET,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I should like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I go to the First Parish Church in Cambridge. My teacher's name is Miss Brooks. I am nearly ten, and I read the letter corner every Sunday and try to get the answers to the puzzles. I am hardly ever absent.

With hope for your success,
ELIZABETH RUNKLE.

965 UNION STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of the Unitarian Sunday school of San Francisco. I have been reading *The Beacon* each Sunday and enjoy its stories and Recreation Corner very much.

I should like to become a member of your club.

Yours sincerely,
BETTY M. LIBBEY.

African Adventures.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN the forests of Central and Southern Africa there live tribes of men called in our speech the Bantu people. There is a wonderful book by Jean Mackenzie which tells the story of Mejo, a boy of one of the Bantu tribes. It is called *African Adventures*.

Miss Mackenzie has had African adventures herself. She has journeyed far into the dark forest. She lived with the Bantu people many years and taught them. She knows boys and girls in that land as here, and she knows, too, just how to tell a story.

After a little visit to this, her home land, she returned two years ago to the black people who needed her help in the terrible time of world war. It was a dangerous voyage. Her family and friends thought her work in Africa finished and did not want her to return. "When people are called to the front, they go," she said, and took the first ship.

Why does Miss Mackenzie want to devote her life to these humble people so far away? It is true they need to be helped and taught, but that is not the only reason. They need physicians for their bodies who can find out what causes their illnesses, but she does not go as a physician. She goes because she sees in those dark-skinned children all the infinite possibilities of any child of God. They can think as you do, feel as you do, love as you do. They can grow into great and good men and women. Miss Mackenzie knows a great power in her own life, that helps her to be brave and true and upright. She wants the Bantu people to have the same help she knows, to read as she can God's messages from the groves and the stars, from the kindness and love

81 WASHINGTON STREET,
HUDSON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I like the stories in *The Beacon* very much and I try to do all the enigmas, but I don't always succeed. My sister gets *The Beacon* for our church, so that I get mine first. I would like to belong to the Beacon Club. I have always wanted to belong, but didn't know what to write, so I didn't write in.

We are planning to have the lower part of our church all made over. Its going to cost a great deal of money, but we are certainly going to get it. Our minister is Mr. Child.

I am sending an enigma.

Yours truly,
ELLEN PETERS.

683 WASHINGTON STREET,
BROOKLINE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Last Sunday we had the story of Ruth. We are going to have a pageant, and I am going to sing.

I am in the Second Unitarian Sunday school. I will have to be closing this letter.

Yours truly,
RALPH BATES.

of hearts like hers, and from the Bible with its story of man's long experience with God and what has thus been learned.

Perhaps some *Beacon* reader will one day have African adventures too. You may explore the forests and fight with lions there, as did David Livingstone. You might see a leopard as big and dangerous as the one pictured in Miss Mackenzie's story. You might be an engineer and construct big water systems, or build railroads. You might be a physician to heal the sick and show the well how to keep well. You might be a teacher, giving special knowledge and helping to train young minds. Whatever you did, if you carried the love of God in your heart, if you were a real friend to the people, if you tried to help them to be what they might become, you would be a missionary. And that sort of missionary is needed in every country in the world.

The Song of the Commonplace.

BY VLYN JOHNSON.

LIFE would be more of a song
Could we but understand
The beauty that lies in wait,
The harmony close at hand.
Instead we worry our souls
For music they cannot give,
Because we have blinded our eyes
And in silencing darkness live.

We shut our ears to the sound
Of a bird that is singing near,
We choke back the word of love
That some one had need to hear.
And life's sweetest music is lost,
Its harmony and its grace,
Because we have never sought
A song in the commonplace.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA IX.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 8, 6, 11, 15, 12, is a boy's name.
My 13, 2, 18, is a pronoun.
My 8, 14, 17, 16, is what is on your head.
My 19, 10, is not off.
My 1, 5, 3, 4, is a boy's nickname.
My 7, 9, 20, are fathers and sons.
My *whole* is a former President of the United States.

D. R. T.

ENIGMA X.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 3, 7, 5, 1, is a kind of battle.
My 13, 12, 2, 11, 8, 10, is another name for image.
My 6, 7, 10, 4, 9, is a game.
My *whole* is a fine State in the United States.

ELLEN PETERS.

WORD SQUARE.

1. One of the books in the Old Testament.
2. In greater numbers.
3. Spoken, not written.
4. To part with for money.

CHANGEABLE COLORS.

1. I am a color; change my head, I am careless; change once more, I am to chatter.
2. I am a color; change my head, I am a hint; once more, I am a sticky substance.
3. I am a color; change my head, I am to entreat; once more, I am a fight.
4. I am a color; change my head, I am ripe; once more, I am to roar.
5. I am a color; change my head, I am a vessel for holding liquids; once more, I am an ornament used by a lady.

TWISTED FISH.

1. Kipeclre.
2. Uorrt.
3. Prhuotno.
4. Imnown.
5. Nalsmo.
6. Lahwe.
7. Hprec.

CHRISTINE ALLISON.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.

1. A gold coin,—what gulf?
2. A boy's name,—what bay?
3. A Spanish nobleman,—what river?
4. A salt-water fish,—what cape?
5. A girl's name,—what state?
6. A famous general,—what state?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 3.

ENIGMA V.—Blessed are the peacemakers.
ENIGMA VI.—The Girl Scouts of America.
ACROSTIC.—Pear.
Orange.
Melon.
Olive.
Nectarine.
Apricot.

RIDDLE.—The letter "I."

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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